

what happens to out of work RPG Super villains????

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Summary: The first 3 sessions of these classic enemies' therapy, all ending in a brawl at Mcdonalds!

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Session 1

>So what happens to them? Who, you know who. The RPG super villains. I mean after sitting in a castle for a whole game waiting for some punks with weird hair to come and beat them right before they start their world domination plan what do they do. There's not a lot of work for out of work villains. Not many places will pay for a guy to stand mysteriously crying, "Mwa ha ha!" They go out of work and out of a place to go, or at least that's what used to happen untilâ€|

>Kefka pranced along the sidewalk hurrying to his destination, the local civic center down the block from his run down rat infested apartment in New York City. The night was falling all around him and it brought back old memories of the good old final fantasy set way back in the day. "Ah how I miss them all. HinoRobu the director, Terra, Locke oh I could go on for ages." He arrived at the small center and walked in traversing a long narrow maze of hallways. "Finally I'll get some help." He passed a mirror as he strolled along, inside he saw a sad clown face and bags under his eyes. He just wasn't the evil demented genius he once portrayed in the old days of 1994. Sure he got called to do that remake anthology thing but that was just a few days of shooting, it was nice to see the old gang though. All of them were doing bad too, except that damn choco thing and the stupid whit moogle, they both went on to get racing games and cameos. Those bastards!

>Finally he had arrived at his destination, a sign hung above a small brown door, Support group for out of work RPG super villains. He walked inside and sat down with some of the weirdest group of people he had seen in years. A fat little boy stood up, "Hello, my name is Pokey," the group erupted into chants of, "Hi Pokey." He laughed, "I starred in Earthbound. I never got called after the game even though it seemed like I would be the shoe in villain for the sequel. But old

Ness the hero he's living it up with that yellow Pika guy and Mario in that damn fighting game."

>A female doctor spoke from the other side of the room, "That's ok Pokey, you shouldn't resent Ness for having success. You know as well as any of us he wasn't called from 94 up until smash brothers. Ok who's next?"

>A man in black with shiny silver hair stood up, "I am Sephiroth. Oh doctor I have wonderful news! I was finally able to get over my control issues with my Mother! We really made a breakthrough after last session!"

>The doctor sighed, "Sephiroth, you know that JENOVA isn't your mother in real life. How could you have made a breakthrough after the restraining order she had placed on you?" Sephiroth dropped his head into his hands, "I don't know Doc I just came up with it in my head! Waaaaaaaaa!!! Why aren't I employed anymore?! Everyone loves me remember Ehrigeiz!? I was awesome! But no Cloud gets all the fan fics and good stuff like final fantasy tactics it's not fair! He's just a clone of me the people should love me!"

>"Now Sephiroth, Cloud isn't really your clone just an actor like you. Who else wants to talk tonight?" Another man with silver hair stood up, he talked in a very girlish English accent (no offense to English, go play the game and you'll see what I mean.) "My name is Ghaleon I was in Lunar. I think I'm really getting over things Doc, I was finally able to go out into public without chanting, Not Ghaleon, Magic Emperor Ghaleon." The doctor smiled, "Very nice Ghaleon, now if we could only get you to dress normally and stop talking like that, we all know you were born in Iowa." A look of rage flashed upon his face, "I am one of the four heroes! How dare you talk to me like that woman!"

>A fight ensued. Kefka watched as silver hair tyrants and fat kids pranced around yelling spell names at each other and holding up normal rocks calling them summons. "Even I'm not this crazy," he thought as he left the room of nuts behind. But as he walked out of the group therapy session the others could hear a faint screaming of Mwa Ha Haâ€|.
 SESSION 2

>A week had passed since the first traumatic visit. Kefka really did want help but the thought of going back into that nut farm with those bunch a whack jobs made his skin crawl. He walked through the door to the group therapy hall and sat down in the corner. This time there were a few new faces, but before any of them could talk the female doctor from last week stood up, "Hello everybody most of you know I'm Dr. Bradford, if not hello. Ok who wants to start today, what about a newbie?"

>A young man with dark black hair stood up, "Hello my name is Leon." "Hello Leon." Leon backed up to the wall shaking, "I don't like big crowds. That's why I think I was perfect for my rpg, it was so very low profile." Sephiroth looked him over, "And what rpg might that be?" Leon backed away from the dirty smelly Sephy, "Umâ€| It was called Tales of Destiny." Dr. Bradford wrote something down in her little doctor pad, "Well we need to work on that fear of yours Leon, why don't you go back to your chair." He crawled back to the very chair he had backed away from while talking.

>Kefka was amazed at the land of freaks he had landed in, another silvery hair man stood up. "What was with all the silver hair guys," he thought as he clamored to a candy dish in the center of the room, he hadn't eaten in days, Kefka was incredibly poor, and a hobo practically. The silvery hair man started to speak, "My name is Magus, I starred in Chrono Trigger, I was hoping for work in the sequel but alas it seems I am destined to never work again. I came here because lately I see no reason to live. Who wants an old relic

from the 16 bit days when you can pop out those Sephiroth clones a dime a dozen?" Sephy stood up angrily, "Hey! That's not fair people love me! I was menacing, watch this, MWA HA HA!" Kefka finally had a reason to talk in this jungle of morons, "Listen polygon boy, I'm the king of one liners ok. Son of a submariner! Why does Edgar have to live in the middle of no where!? Guards there's sand on my boots!" Ghaleon, who was draped in a black leotard with a towel as his cape stood up, "I had some good lines!" Pokey threw his chair over and smacked Ghaleon upside the head, "Good lines!? You sounded like a friggin girl!" A look of rage flashed upon the fashion victim's face, "Why you porky little midget get over here!" As their laughable "fight" degenerated to a slapping match Leon ran for a corner as Kefka chomped down the food. Meanwhile Sephy was busy staring out a window, "Mommy? Are you there Mommy? I'm sorry I hid in your laundry basket, on your birthday, at Midnight!" Magus too stood by himself, "What do I have to live for? If only Square would cast me again as something new. Then they could revive my career. I studied Shakespeare! How did I get here!" he yelled angrily as he sobbed into his hands.

>Dr. Branford looked over her notes, Kefka the poor hobo, Sephiroth, the crazy with the mommy obsession, Magus, the suicidal actor, Ghaleon, a man who believes that he is Ghaleon, Leon, a psycho afraid of crowds, and of course let's not forget Pokey, the fat midget. "People! People!" The fighting stopped for a brief moment. "Tonight's session was very good. You're making some progress. There was only one fight and no one even tried to escape like last week," she shot a glaring stare to Kefka, "Well that's it for tonight, I hope to see you all next week."

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 SESSION 3

>The cast of usual villains sat around Dr. Branford, Ghaleon thought to himself that today would be the day the portal to his Lunar dimension would open back up so he could spread terror in his home world. The doc stood up, "Today I have a little experiment. It seems to me all of you need something to focus on in life, well that or you're out of money and poor. So I set up a little try out deal with McDonalds, you all have jobs! Now this is a challenge for each and everyone of you for specific reasons. Kefka you need the money so I believe that's good enough for you. Sephiroth there will be many mother son combos dinning here, I hope you will be able to handle it, remember the person that plays JENOVA isn't your real mother, I mean that actor isn't even a woman. Ghaleon, no crazy outfits for you, you see all of you will have uniforms. Leon this will be a very crowded restaurant, face your fear. And Pokey, you need the money too, for everything you eat, its price is deducted from your pay check. Ok let's go. Your first shift starts in twenty minutes, I'll drive you." Pokey jolted out of the room, "Shotgun shotgun!" Ghaleon followed in pursuit, "No you don't you little prick!"

>Eventually they arrived at McDonalds and were shown how to go about their individual tasks. As they readied for the incoming waves of customers the doc had one last piece of advice for them, "Ok Out of work RPG villains, this is your mission, feed the people of New York with the pride you would expect from a McDonalds. Everyone is excepting nothing less than the most stellar of caliber, good luck."

>First up was a car through the drive through, Leon jerkingly took the microphone, "Helâ€| helâ€| hi. Can Iâ€| I mean nay, I mean may. Yes may that's the word. O wait it's June. May I June you? No that's not itâ€|."

>Meanwhile Pokey and Kefka were determined to make the greatest Egg McMuffin these people had ever seen. But the aroma was all too much

for Pokey as he started to put his greasy chubby little hands over the egg mixing tank, yes an egg mixing tank, where did you think their eggs came from? Kefka gasped and grabbed his arm and they initiated into an arm pulling match, "Kefka get off of me! I just want one lick!" "No you little fat ass! This is my barbecue!" But then their bickering stopped, a press on nail flew from Kefka's hand into the mixture which then was dumped onto a large conveyor belt. "What kinda freaking hobo wears press on nails!?" Kefka buried his hands into his head, "They make me feel special!"
>Sephhiroth and Ghaleon valiantly teamed up to take on the orders of a group of truckers. "Listen up pretty boy," he yelled into Sephy's face, "We want twenty Egg McMuffins and we want em now!" The spittle flew from this disgusting man's face but Sephy couldn't get upset, he was representing the prestigious McDonalds. "Yes sir, coming sir." Ghaleon pulled on his microphone, "Twenty Egg McMuffins please."

>Back in the kitchen Kefka and Pokey frantically put together the McMuffins praying that the machine had filtered out the nail. Slowly they gave the bag to Sephy, "Here ya go." Said Kefka lowly. Sephy in turn handed the trucker his order, as him and his trucker posse walked away Sephy was greeted with a barrage of dirty looks. Man one kind of dirty look appeared on Sephy's face a second later when Kefka informed him of the problem. Meanwhile the drive through line was filled for miles back as Leon finally got the first order out the window.

>Sephhiroth hid under the counter, "Oh dear oh dear oh dear.." Ghaleon knelt besides him, "What's the matter their old buddy?" Sephiroth took a deep breath, "Those truckers are going to murder me." "Not to fear old friend, luckily for us I preordered the historical documents of the world of Lunar, something you called Lunar 2:Eternal Blue Complete. I was given this." He held out a less then menacing Ghaleon boxing puppet. "I shall defeat them for you!" Sephy gasped in fear, "Wait Ghaleon don't!" But it was too late. He was already over the counter standing in front of the truckers.
"Hey pretty boy, get away from us," he yelled as he looked at his name tag, "Ghaleon huh, pretty girly name." That was the absolute worst thing he could say, "Not Ghaleon, Magic Boxing Puppet Emperor Ghaleon!!!!!!!!!!!" He screamed as he tackled the man
>to the floor.

>Well another brawl ensued between the Out of Work RPG Villains, and the crazy Egg McMuffin Fetish Truckers. Fuel was thrown onto the fire as the held up drivers ran in and joined the battle eventually finding and trouncing the out of shape Leon.

>Dr. Branford shook her head, "This was a disappointment to say the least." In the end the OWRPGV, or Out of Work RPG Villains, were fired and were once again dropped into the pursuit for a job and the next meal. Where would they go? Who would they battle next in their quest for economic stability? Only time could tell!

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